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Providence Independent, V. 3, Thursday, June 6,  
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Providence Independent

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# PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS—NEUTRAL IN NOTHING.

VOL. 3.

TRAPPE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1878.

WHOLE NUMBER, 156.

## The Young Widow.

She is modest, but not bashful,  
Free and easy, but not bold;  
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,  
Not too young and not too old;  
Half inviting, half repulsing,  
Now advancing, and now shy—  
There is mischief in her dimples,  
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;  
She is schooled in all her arts;  
She has taken her diploma  
As the mistress of all hearts.  
She can tell the very moment  
When to sigh and when to smile;  
O, a maid is sometimes charming,  
But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? How very serious  
Will her handsome face become!  
Are you angry? She is wretched,  
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb!  
Are you mirthful? Hear her laughter,  
Silver sounding, will ring out!  
She can lure and catch and play you  
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,  
Who have grown so bold and wise,  
Young Americans of twenty,  
With love-looks in their eyes,  
You may practice all the lessons  
Taught by Cupid since the fall,  
But I know a little widow  
Who could win and fool you all.

## They Are Not Dead.

They are not dead but sweetly sleep,  
While o'er their graves the soft winds  
Sweep,  
And nightly dews refresh the flowers  
That bloom upon their silent bow'rs.

They are not dead, tho' here below  
No more their sunny smiles we know;  
No more their friendly hands we'll  
Grasp,  
Nor fold their forms in loving clasp.

They are not dead; by foeman slain  
On battlefield or raging main,  
They live in deeds of valor done,  
And keep the fame they nobly won.

They are not dead; while time shall last,  
The eyes of patriots—backward cast,  
O'er records of the vanished years—  
Shall fill for them with grateful tears.

They live! They live! They do but rest  
Upon the kindly mother's breast,  
While loving hands bring fragrant  
Flowers  
To strow upon their peaceful bow'rs.

—Democratic.

## At Death's Door.

'Nothing but a private—a common  
private!'

It would be in vain to attempt to  
portray the Lady Macbethian scorn  
which curved proud Harriet Deane's  
lip as she spoke the sentence.

John Hollis, albeit he was quite  
conscious of not deserving the keen  
edged contempt quailed beneath it.

'But, Harriet—'

'Hush!' said the imperious beauty,  
holding up a warning finger. 'I want  
you to understand this matter. Gil-  
bert Armour was promoted to be a  
second lieutenant, was he not?'

'Yes.'

'And you are his equal in all re-  
spects?'

'Yes.'

'Might you not also have shared the  
honor he obtained?'

'I might, I suppose,' said the young  
soldier, fixing his calm, dark eyes upon  
her fair, flushed face, 'if I had chosen  
to do so at the expense of poor Talbot,  
who earned his shoulder straps long  
ago. They should have been his by  
every right, months since, but poverty  
and obscurity are not the best place-  
winners. Either Gilbert Armour or I  
must stand aside to see a wronged  
man righted. He did not choose to  
sacrifice promotion to a scruple. I did  
Harriet—was I wrong?'

'Oh, of course, it's nothing to me,'  
replied Miss Deane. 'Will you be good  
enough to hand me the work basket?'

John Hollis looked at the pretty  
creature around whom the love of his  
strong nature had been entwined with  
a fervor rare enough in these mat-  
ter-of-fact days in wistful perplexity.

Shining auburn hair, parted from a  
low, pearl-pale brow, deep blue eyes,  
and a mouth whose intense crimson  
was like the inside leaves of a rose—  
Harriet Deane was by no means dis-  
agreeable to look at.

'Harriet—' he began.

'Excuse me,' said Miss Deane; 'I am  
particularly busy counting these stit-  
ches—please don't interrupt me.'

Unversed as he was in the devious  
windings of feminine nature, he felt  
that this was intended for a dismissal.

'I'll try again to-night,' he mused,  
walking homeward.

\* \* \* \* \*

The clear January sky was jeweled  
with frosty stars, and the solemn old  
church clock had just chimed nine  
from its dim belfry, when he entered  
the bright room, with its mossy blue  
carpet and hangings of azure silk, and  
Parisian statuettes hidden by vases of  
vivid roses.

It was not empty however, as he had

hoped and expected.

Lieutenant Armour stood in the  
middle of the apartment, decidedly  
conscious of his fine new shoulder  
straps, and patronizing a dozen pretty  
girls.

He nodded laughingly to Hollis, and  
went on with a sentence which his en-  
trance had interrupted.

'Leap year—to be sure it is. And I  
may as well state at once that I'm  
quite ready to receive any propositions  
you ladies may have to make.'

'Nonsense—nonsense,' said Mary  
Elphinstone, his cousin.

'Well it generally is nonsense, but  
I'll be considerate and make every al-  
lowance that is possible. I think it's  
a great shame that the girls don't  
jump at the chance, when we poor men  
stand as ready and willing victims—  
all blushes and timid glances.'

He looked at Miss Deane as he spoke  
half in earnest, half jestingly.

John Hollis' eyes followed the direc-  
tion of his, as if by fascination.

He saw the flush mounting impul-  
sively to Harriet's cheek, and the blue  
eyes hidden by their white lids.

How long Hollis stood there, with a  
giddy pain surging through his brain  
he did not know.

He was roused by the breaking up of  
the little party—the sound of merry  
voices, and playful adieux.

Harriet Deane was standing under  
the chandelier, one hand resting on the  
carved back of a Gothic chair.

Gilbert Armour lounged on a sofa,  
where the blue silk curtains swept  
over an entrance to a bay window.

As Hollis pressed forward to escape  
the bustle and noise, Miss Elphinstone  
laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

'No, no,' she whispered archly, 'don't  
you see it's an understood matter be-  
tween Gilbert and Harriet? Give me  
your arm, and take me home, for Gil-  
bert will not give me another thought  
to-night.'

Hollis turned away silently, with  
white lips and clenched teeth.

Why was he blind to the wistful  
glance that shone through Harriet's  
lashes—the uncertain quiver of her  
lips.

He was gone.  
Armour smiled with satisfaction.  
The field was clear.

He advanced, a little nervously.  
'Harriet—'

To his astonishment, she burst into  
a passionate flood of tears.

'Don't speak to me,' she sobbed.  
'don't come near me.'

'Why—'

'I don't wish to hear anything!'

'Harriet!'

'How dare you call me Harriet, Lieut-  
enant Armour? Not another word!'  
She burst into tears again.

Armour was undecided.

'Go,' said Harriet, 'and never come  
near me again.'

That decided him.

He was beginning to feel riled.  
She pointed to the door.

Lieutenant Armour walked out with  
all the dignity he could muster. He  
was not to be extinguished so easily by  
this feminine waterfall.

'Who would have ever thought,'  
thought the Lieutenant, as he walked  
away, 'that she was such a confounded  
little vixen!'

\* \* \* \* \*

'You might take off the upper arm,  
here without—'

'What's the use? He won't last out  
the day.'

'I'm not certain of that. Where's  
the ether?'

'You want no ether. He is totally  
insensible.'

The words fell like meaningless jang-  
les of sound on John Hollis' ears as he  
lay, on a multitude of wounded and  
dying men, in a weather beaten old  
shed.

There was no volition—no under-  
standing of anything going on around  
him.

All at once there came a sharp, sud-  
den pain, as the surgeon's knife cleft  
the arm; then followed insensibility.

'Ten to one he'll die,' said the sur-  
geon, as he wiped the glittering knife.  
'It's not worth while, Talbot, to ban-  
dage him so carefully.'

But the young man fastened the  
bandages with even greater care.

John Hollis did not die, the surgeon  
to the contrary notwithstanding.

heard her step in the corridor. Why  
did they bring me here of all places in  
the world? Must I drink the bitter  
cup of humiliation to the very dregs?  
If I had died—never waking from that  
unconsciousness! But now a common  
private—with only one arm!

He laughed bitterly.

Only twenty-six, and weary of his  
life!

And the beautiful sunset grew dim  
as he gazed upon it.

'John!'

He turned round listlessly, without  
looking up.

'Yes, mother; I can guess your  
thoughts—you are afraid I will take  
cold sitting so long in the draught.'

A gentle hand was placed on his own  
and he pressed it to his lips.

'I must live, dear mother, for your  
sweet sake.'

'And my sake, too, dear John!'

John started—looked wildly around.

A figure he knew well was kneeling  
beside him. Harriet Deane's auburn  
hair, golden in the glowing sunset,  
had fallen over the arm of the chair  
where the fair head had drooped.

'Harriet! Not there, dearest—not  
there. Let me raise you.'

'Oh, let me kneel here, John,' she  
cried, 'and—and—and don't send me  
away from you, will you?'

The sweet, pleading face, with its  
bright eyes sparkling through tears—  
what a new loveliness it had won to  
John Hollis' happy vision!

Still he was determined.

'Harriet,' he said, with an effort. 'I  
cannot—will not—accept this sacri-  
fice.'

'Do you wish to kill me?' she asked  
suddenly.

'No—no!'

'Then you must consent to marry  
me.'

His forehead fell on the shoulder; he  
was sick and dizzy with the flood-tide  
of happiness.

She put her arm lovingly around his  
neck.

'You need not suppose, sir,' she said,  
with a pretty defiance that became her  
no less than the tearful humiliation of  
a minute before, 'that I should have  
come courting you, if you had not been  
sick and weak, and if—and if—'

'Well?'

'If it hadn't been Leap Year!'

## Facts About Man.

If a well-made man be extended on  
the ground, his arm at right angles  
with the body, a circle, making the  
navel its centre, will just take in the  
head, the finger ends and feet.

The distance from top to toe is pre-  
cisely the same as that between the  
tips of the fingers when the arms are  
extended.

The length of the body is just six  
times that of the foot; while the dis-  
tance from the edge of the hair on the  
forehead to the end of the chin is one  
tenth the length of the whole sta-  
ture.

Of the sixty-two primary elements  
known in Nature, only eighteen are  
found in the human body, and of these  
seven are metallic. Iron is found in  
the blood, phosphorus in the brain,  
limestone in the bile, lime in the bones,  
dust and ashes in all. Not only these  
eighteen human elements, but the  
whole sixty-two, of which the universe  
is made, have their essential basis in  
the four substances, oxygen, hydrogen,  
nitrogen and carbon, representing the  
more familiar names of fire, water,  
saltpetre and charcoal; and such is  
man, the lord of earth! a spark of fire,  
a drop of water, a grain of gunpowder  
an atom of charcoal!

## Afraid He Might Be Dead.

Scene—at the counting-room of a  
morning newspaper. Enter a man of  
Teutonic tendencies, considerably the  
worse for last night's spree.

Teuton (to the man at the desk)—  
'If you please, sir, I want de paper  
mit dis mornings. One vot hash de  
names of de beebles vot kills cholera  
all de vile.'

He was handed a paper, and after  
looking it over in a confused way,  
said:

'Vill you be so good as to read de  
names vot don't have de cholera any  
more, to soon, just now, and see if  
Carl Geinsendoopenoffen has got 'em?'

The clerk very obligingly read the  
list, the Teuton listening with trem-  
bling attention, wiping the perspiration  
from his brow meanwhile in great ex-  
citement. When the list was comple-  
ted the name of Carl Gein—well no  
matter about the whole name, it  
wasn't there. The Teuton's face  
brightened up, and he exclaimed:

'You don't find 'em?'

Clerk—'No such name there, sir.'

Teuton. (seizing him warmly by the

hand)—'This ish nice—this ish some  
fun; that ish my names. I pin drunk  
ash never was, and py tam, I vas afraid  
I vas gone ted mit cholera, and didn't  
knows it. Mine Cot! I vas scart.'

## Hospitality.

True hospitality is a thing that touches  
the heart and never goes beyond the cir-  
cle of generous impulses. Entertain-  
ment with the true hospitable man  
means more than the mere feeding of the  
body; it means an interchange of soul  
gifts. Still it should have its laws, as all  
things good must have laws to govern  
them.

The obligation to be hospitable is a  
sacred one, emphasized by every moral  
code known to the world, and a pratical  
outcome of the second great command-  
ment.

There should never be a guest in the  
house whose presence requires any ma-  
terial change in the domestic economy.  
However much the circumstances of busi-  
ness or mutual interests may demand in  
entertaining a stranger, he should never  
be taken into the family circle unless he  
is known to be wholly worthy of that  
sanctum sanctorum of social life; but  
when once a man is admitted to the  
home fireside he should be treated as if  
the place had been his always.

The fact of an invitation gives neither  
host nor guest the right to be master of  
the other's time, and does not require  
even a temporary sacrifice of one's entire  
individuality or pursuits.

A man should never be so much him-  
self as when he entertains a friend.

To stay at a friend's house beyond the  
time for which one is invited is to perpe-  
trate a social robbery.

To abide uninvited into a friend's  
house is as much a misdemeanor as bor-  
rowing his coat without his permission.  
It is debasing the coin of friendship to  
mere dress when a man attempts to  
make it pay his hotel bills.

The fact of two men having the same  
occupation and interest in life gives to  
neither a social right to the other's bed  
and board.

They who go into the country in sum-  
mer as uninvited guests of their farm-  
ers should be rated as social brigands  
and treated accordingly.

These few social maxims are by no  
means to be taken as a complete code of  
laws. Others quite as important will  
spring up out of the personal experience  
of every reader of this article, and the  
justice and equity of all may be tested by  
that infallible standard of society—the  
golden rule; and you may safely rest as-  
sured that you have given the fullest and  
most perfect measure of entertainment to  
your neighbors if you have done ex-  
actly as you would be done by.

## A New Discovery.

Another buried town has been found  
in Italy, near Manfredonia, at the foot of  
Mount Gargano. A temple of Diana was  
first brought to light, and then a portico  
about twenty metres in length, with col-  
umns without capitals, and, finally a  
neoropolis, covering fifteen thousand  
square meters (about three and three  
fourth acres). A large number of in-  
scriptions have been collected, and some  
of them have been sent to the museum  
at Naples. The town discovered is the  
ancient Sipontum of which Strabo,  
Polybus and Livy speak, and which was  
buried by an earthquake. The houses  
are twenty feet below the surface of the  
soil. The Italian government has taken  
measures to continue the excavations on  
a large scale. Every day some fresh ob-  
ject of interest turns up. The latest is  
a monument erected in honor of Pom-  
pey after his victory over the pirates, and  
a large quantity of coins in gold and  
copper.

## An Affecting Anecdote.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent  
stand two large brazen images of father  
and son, who obtained this distinguished  
mark of the admiration of their fellow-  
citizens by the following incidents.

Both the father and the son were, for  
some offense against the State, condemn-  
ed to die. Some favorable circumstances  
appearing on the side of the son, he was  
granted a remission of his sentence, un-  
der certain provisions; in short he was  
offered a pardon, on a most cruel and  
barbarous condition—namely, that he  
would execute his father! He at first  
resolutely refused to preserve his life by  
means so fatal and detestable. This is  
not to be wondered at; for let us hope,  
for the honor of our nature, that there  
are very few sons who would not have  
spurned with abhorrence life sustained  
on a condition so horrid and unnatural.

The son, though long inflexible, was at  
length overcome by the tears and entreat-  
ies of a fond father, who represents  
to him that, at all events, his (the father's)  
life was forfeited, and that it would  
be the greatest possible consolation for

him in his last moments that in his  
death he was an instrument of his son's  
preservation. The youth consented to  
adopt the horrible means of recovering  
his life and liberty, he lifted the axe—  
but, as it was about to fall, his arm sunk  
nerveless, and the axe dropped from his  
hand! Had he as many lives as hairs,  
he could have yielded them all, one after  
another rather than again conceive much  
less perpetuate, such an act. Life, lib-  
erty, everything vanished before the  
dearer interests of filial affection; he fell  
upon his father's neck, and embracing  
him, triumphantly exclaimed:

'My father! we die together!' and  
then called for another executor to ful-  
fill the sentence of the law.

Hard must their hearts indeed be—be-  
reft of every sentiment of virtue, every  
sensation of humanity—who could stand  
insensible spectators of such a scene.

A sudden peal of involuntary  
applause, mixed with groans and sighs  
rent the air. The execution was sus-  
pended; and, on a simple report of the  
transaction to the authorities, both were  
pardoned. High rewards and honors  
were conferred on the son, and finally  
these two admirable brazen images were  
raised to commemorate a transaction so  
honorable to human nature, and trans-  
mit it to the instruction and emulation  
of posterity. The statue presents the  
son in the very act of letting fall the  
axe.

## Extraordinary Scene in a Church.

A most extraordinary scene occurred at  
St. Paul's Church, Clapham, Eng., dur-  
ing a Sunday morning service. The Rev.  
Mr. Barston, a curate who had lately  
come to the Parish Church, officiated.

During the earlier part of the service,  
his wild and eccentric manner was no-  
ticed by the congregation, but as he pro-  
ceeded it was more and more marked.

The first psalm for the day he read in a  
loud and excited tone, and when he  
came to the verse 'The pains of hell get  
hold upon me, I shall find trouble and  
heaviness, and I will call upon the name  
of the Lord,' he suddenly stopped short,  
glared wildly at the congregation, and,  
throwing his arms around his head,  
shouted again and again:

'I will call upon Him! Yes, by Heaven  
I will!'

The congregation were alarmed, and  
the ladies ran to the doors, while several  
gentlemen ran to Mr. Barston, who had  
fallen heavily from the reading-desk to  
the floor. Rising, however, before they  
could catch him, he ran down one of the  
aisles, after the retreating congregation,  
and his running and shouting increased  
the alarm. Women screamed and shrieked,  
and several fainted. On reaching the  
door, Mr. Barston was seized by several  
men, who threw him on the mat, while  
the sexton went for a doctor. The curate  
however, made such desperate struggles  
to get away that it took eight persons to  
hold him down, while at the same time  
he kept shouting out:

'I will—I will call on his name. I will.  
O Lord, deliver me!'

A doctor, who had been brought from  
a neighboring church, soon arrived, and  
the curate, who had now become very  
weak, was put in a carriage and taken  
home. Several persons were hurt, though  
not seriously, by being crushed against  
the doors. Mr. Barston told the sexton  
he had not slept for four nights, and  
seemed unusual haggard and excited.

He has, it is believed, been studying  
lately for an examination.

## Marrying For Money.

A late author very truthfully says:  
'Gold cannot buy happiness, and the  
parents who compel their daughters to  
marry for station or money commit a  
grievous sin against humanity and God.'

And a woman who marries a churl for  
his wealth will find that she has made a  
terrible bargain—that all the glitterings  
of a heartless grandeur are phosphores-  
cent glitterings of heart wretchedness;  
that her life will be one gilded misery,  
and her old age will be like a crag on the  
black side of a desert mountain, where  
cold moonbeams sometimes glitter, but  
no birds sing, but wild storms howl and  
hoarse thunders roar, and through the  
sweeping storms shall be heard the  
stern voice of the great God, saying,  
'Your riches are corrupted, your gar-  
ments are moth eaten, your gold and  
silver are cankered, and the rust of them  
shall be a witness against you, and eat  
your flesh as if it were fire.'

## An Old Puzzle Re-Written.

'If you please, sir, I'm a poor boy, but  
I'm smart and I want to work.'

The storekeeper looked at his custom-  
er in astonishment. The boy was a little  
bit of a fellow, and his chin came just  
over the counter.

'Well,' said the storekeeper, 'You  
seem to have a pretty good idea of your-  
self.'

'That's so,' said the boy; 'I lost my  
last place 'cause I was smart.'

'All right, then, I'll show you where  
you make a great mistake when you say  
you're smart. Do you see that jug over  
there?'

'No, sir,' said the boy, looking hard at  
a green box marked, 'Six gross safety  
pins.'

'Not there; 'way back in the store.'

'Oh, yes,' said the boy.

'Now that jug is full of vinegar; it  
holds eight quarts. I've an order for  
four quarts, but haven't any empty  
measures excepting one holding three  
and another holding five quarts. Now,  
if you're as smart as you say you are,  
perhaps you can measure the four quarts  
from the eight quarts by using the  
three and five?'

'I can do it,' said the boy, 'just as  
easy as fishing.'

'If you do, I'll give you two dollars a  
week and your clothes. No guessing;  
now, you must measure exactly.'

'All right,' said the boy, 'have your  
tailor here in fifteen minutes to measure  
me, please.'

The tailor might have come even  
earlier, as the boy had the four quarts  
of vinegar measured out in less than  
five minutes.

How did he do it?

## Sober Paragraphs.

Eyes raised towards heaven are al-  
ways beautiful, whatever they may be.

A quiet conscience rests in thunder;  
but rest and guilt live far asunder.

He has no true friend who has noth-  
ing but compliments and praise for  
you.

Many people find their only happi-  
ness in forcing themselves to be un-  
happy.

Habit is a cable. We weave a  
thread of it every day, and at last we  
cannot break it.

Patience never takes anything in  
hand that it does not succeed with in  
some form.

He who is slowest in making a prom-  
ise is generally the most faithful in  
the performance of it.

There are people with whom peni-  
tence stands for repentance—people  
with whom wearing mourning dis-  
penses with feeling sorrow.

While God corrects with one hand,  
he supports with the other, and makes  
us say, even in affliction, 'His mercy  
endureth forever.'

Trial and sorrow may develop, un-  
fold and strengthen character, but  
trial and sorrow cannot create any  
divine elements not already in the  
soul.

There is an emanation from the  
heart in genuine hospitality which  
cannot be described, but is easily felt,  
and puts the stranger at once at his  
ease.

Solon being asked why, among his  
laws, there was not one against perso-  
nal affronts, answered that he could  
not believe the world so fantastical as  
to regard them.

Humanity is the peculiar character-  
istic of great minds; little, vicious  
minds abound with anger and revenge,  
and are incapable of feeling the exact  
pleasure of forgiving their enemies.

## Personal.



Providence Independent.  
E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.  
THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1878.

Subscribers who fail to receive their papers regularly will please notify us of the same.

Bass, the Texas train robber, will probably stretch hemp if he is caught. That's the way they fish for bass in Texas.

A man in Onondaga county, N. Y., has obtained over five thousand pounds of honey from one hive of bees. He calls that comb-pound interest.

The piano makers in New York have ended their strike, but there are a great many hearty young ladies who strike pianos as vigorously as ever.

At an aristocratic wedding in Chicago, last week, the ceremony was performed on the lawn. It is to be hoped that this will be the end of their lawn.

The admirers of a well-known lady vocalist inquire, "Could a Rose, by any other name, sing as sweet?" Of course not, or she would be called Mrs. Mapleson.

A young man at Newmarket, Pennsylvania, has collected over twenty-six hundred arrow heads. If he wants a narrow head as is a narrow head, let him go to Chicago.

Cuba's sugar crop is a success, and the lemon trees are yielding bountifully. Now, if the hot water and whisky supplies hold out, why need Congress adjourn for a year yet?

A growth of golden hair seven feet long is exhibited at the Paris exposition. It grew on the head of a Norman girl, who must have Indian blood in her veins, she is so good at raising hair.

An organ-grinder recently fell in the river at Cairo, Ill., and was drowned. His organ was rescued, however, and it will continue to drone out melancholy sounds for the music-loving Egyptians.

#### NEVER TRIFLE WITH SCIENCE.

There is an uncertainty attending some things more than others, and Science herself, supposed to be one of the most exact and scrupulously correct of our ruling powers, hardly second to mathematics, is often at fault, and the victim of the cause of grave blunders. Particularly is this the case as regards medical science. As a case in point: A short time since a man was suffering in France from lead poisoning. The physician in attendance, an eminent man in his profession, prescribed a strychnia pill to neutralize the poison. Had the pill done its duty, science declares that such would have been the inevitable result, but the patient kept on getting worse and worse, the doctor kept on increasing the dose from one to two and then three, five, and at last six pills at a time, but the lead poison in the man's system wouldn't be neutralized on any terms, and the patient, looking upon life as a hard conundrum, at last "gave it up." After his death the prescribed strychnia pills were found behind his bed. The patient had trifled with science as foolish boys play with gunpowder, and was hoisted to kingdom come. The scientific physician who prescribed the pills declares that the deception cost the patient his life. It is quite probable. It is at all times dangerous to ignore science and fall back on common sense, and any one who does it takes, his life, so to speak, in his own hands; but the friends of the French gentleman who scrupled not to fool his doctor, say that had he swallowed the few dozen strychnia pills prescribed, instead of concealing them in the bed, his funeral would have come off several days earlier than it did.

#### Our Washington Letter

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, '78. Of course the electoral fraud investigation is talked of more than anything else here, now, unless it be its anticipated results, which, it is fully believed on the one side, will be a great victory; on the other confirmation. Many, perhaps a majority, think a grave error has been committed in reopening this question, but since it has been entered upon, it must be followed till a decision, final and decisive, is reached. On every hand we hear talk of anticipated trouble from the laboring classes this coming summer which the Government is in no way prepared to meet and quell. Some States are drilling militia, but the cry in Congress is still "reduce the army." There are various chances for trouble just now. Gloomy people, and those who are disposed to look on the dark side of matters, have plenty to encourage their forebodings. The Indians, the Mexicans, tramps, Fenians, a general outburst of high officers at the Capital, and various other unpleasantnesses, which lie within the bounds of possibility. But from other and more reliable sources comes the word that indications of a revival of prosperity throughout the country are not wanting. In corroboration of this assertion the fact is mentioned that for the first time in five or six years the tide of foreign immigration has set in towards this port, which is considered an unmistakable sign of prosperity. Railroad building has also been resumed, especially in the far west, and this has naturally reacted on the iron industries of the country, and will in time produce an increased activity in the mills. Then the far west is in a phenomenally flourishing condition. The harvests this year promise unprecedented abundance, and the tide of settlement is flowing in rapidly, new lands are being brought under cultivation, and the demand for all sorts of manufactured products is sure to be large. Foreign commerce is steadily increasing, and these are the things to which those who are sanguine of the future look for encouragement and their belief in better times coming.

With what varied imaginings does the approach of the hot summer season impress the Washingtonian community! It is but the herald of the most witching gaiety to those whose wealth and circumstances admit of a seaside season, or a two or three months' sojourn among the mountains. But these are few in comparison with the number that must not only remain at home, but must keep at work for the daily bread that will not come for the asking alone. "Faith without works is dead." Among all the classes none so excites our sympathies as the sick children belonging to poor families. They seem to actually pine and weaken, and die for the pure air and healthful food of which nature is so prodigal and lavish in her country hills and valleys, her fields and farms. Sometimes we feel it to be altogether wrong that any young child should know a day of city life. It is no wonder that so few attain distinction in these days, nor that sickness and crime are so rampant. Ill health, bad breeding, crime and dishonesty go hand in hand. One, reared in the midst of foul air and corrupt influences, as prevalent in many portions of a city like this, can scarcely be pure, either in body or mind. I wonder that some benevolently inclined person in this vicinity does not find a summer home for sick children somewhere down the Potomac. Sometimes excursions are given for them, and a day on a green slope by the shady river side, with picnic dinner and the delightful sail down the river and back is one to be remembered gratefully all the year by those who are only slight, or ailing or weak; but such days avail nothing to the really sick, who need them most, for if they do venture to avail themselves of the trip it is but a sorry pleasure, for they are too weak for the excitement and fatigue attendant upon such an excursion, and are oftener made worse than better by it. Whereas, if such could go to the fresh and quiet country for a month or two, or even for as many weeks, the benefit would almost invariably be great and telling.

M. M. W.

#### Donnelly to Die.

THE BOARD OF PARDONS REFUSE TO RE-OPEN THE CASE—THE EXECUTION TO TAKE PLACE AT POTTSVILLE ON TUESDAY. HARRISBURG, June 4.—A final effort was made to-day, before the Board of Pardons, to save Dennis Donnelly, who procured the murder of Thomas Sanger, in Schuylkill county, in 1875, from the gallows. A brother of the culprit appeared and maintained that the condemned had been convicted on perjured testimony, and submitted several affidavits impeaching the veracity of one of the principal witnesses, a Mollie Maguire who had turned State's evidence. The Board declined to reopen the case, and Donnelly will accordingly be hanged at Pottsville on Tuesday next, the respite of twenty days granted by the Governor expiring on that day.

The Emperor Wilhelm's condition—His wounds healing but the swelling remains.

#### A Terrible Tragedy

MURDER OF A WIFE, THREE CHILDREN AND A SISTER-IN-LAW, FOLLOWED BY SUICIDE. MACON, Ga., June 4.—The most shocking tragedy that ever occurred in Southwest Georgia happened on Monday afternoon, fifteen miles from Americus. John W. Caldwell murdered his wife, beating her brains out with a smoothing iron. He next slew three out of four of his children, aged ten, six and two years, in the same way. One little daughter saved herself by fleeing. He killed his sister-in-law, Miss Frances Mitchell, who had fled to the garden, terribly mutilating her skull with a grubbing hoe.

#### SELF MURDER.

He endeavored to drown himself in a shallow well; failing in this he climbed upon the top of his house and jumped off to the ground. He was not killed. Soon after he ascended to the roof of a gin house and jumped off, striking upon his head, and died instantly.

#### THE CRIMINAL.

Caldwell was forty-seven years old, and was considered a consistent member of the Primitive Baptist Church, a sober, industrious farmer. The evidence before the coroner's jury clearly shows that he was not insane, but that the cause of the crime was his improper relations with his sister-in-law, who is deceased.

Caldwell's surviving son says his father was perfectly sane. At dinner he was morose, and said he would not go to the field. His wife was killed first. Miss Mitchell, the sister-in-law, was killed in the yard while trying to escape. Caldwell dragged the five dead bodies together into one room, which is tracked with his bloody footprints.

He said to the little girl, "Do you want to live?" She said, "Yes." He said, "Then run." She told the story, which is generally believed.

Miss Mitchell, the sister-in-law, had lived with the family twenty years. His only remark was to some negroes, "Go tell Davison to come. I've played hell." He then begged them to kill him. While they went for assistance he climbed to the roof of the gin house and finished his fiendish work.

#### Muscular Christianity.

A LECTURER EJECTED FROM A CATHOLIC CHURCH AT LONG BRANCH, AND A DRUNKARD LADY PROSTRATE BY A PRIEST.

LONG BRANCH, June 3.—On Saturday last handbills were circulated in the town stating that Patrick Welsh would lecture on Sunday afternoon on "The Evils of Popery." It was also stated that the lecturer had been a Catholic for sixteen years, but that fifteen years ago he renounced that faith. The lecture was delivered to a large audience, and among those present were several Catholics. The lecturer denounced the Pope, priests, monasteries and Catholic churches generally. The language used by the lecturer was so offensive that one of the Catholics left, the others remaining without showing any sign of discomfiture other than a sullen look at the speaker.

A number of young men who were boarding in the same house with Welsh, thinking the Catholic priest would refer to the lecture during the evening services, induced Welsh to attend the services of the church he had so strongly denounced. His visit must have been a disappointment. One of the congregation who attended the lecture, hearing that he was coming, awaited his arrival. The watcher did not have to remain long. Welsh entered the church and was about to occupy a pew when he was seized by the coat collar and told to leave, which he did in a hasty manner, assisted by his assailant's boot. Several of the congregation rushed to the front door to learn what had caused the disturbance, but Welsh had disappeared.

#### ANOTHER DEPARTURE.

Services were over and the congregation wending their way homeward through the storm, when another tussle occurred on the church porch. A man appeared there with a little girl of eleven years whose eyes were blackened, and when asked by the priest, who was coming away from the church, what had caused it, replied that her father (the man who was with her, and who was partly intoxicated) had struck her the night before. The priest reprimanded the father for his brutality. The man retorted in a harsh and brutal manner. The priest immediately landed the man a considerable distance from the high porch on to the brick walk. Not satisfied with this he thrust him outside the gate, with prompt orders to do better in the future. This the fellow very promptly promised to do.

#### The German Emperor Shot.

On Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, while the aged Emperor Wilhelm of Germany was driving down the Unter den Linden avenue, toward the Thiergarten, when opposite No. 18 in that great avenue, two shots were fired at him from the second story window.

As soon as the first report was heard a chasseur, who was sitting on the box with the coachman, sprang into the vehicle and threw himself over the Emperor, so that the slugs from the second shot touched only the arm of the Emperor.

Her Wilms, an eminent surgeon, was at once summoned, and, after consulting with several other physicians, declared that the slug wound in the wrist was very serious, and that the great loss of blood had already rendered the Emperor's condition very dangerous.

The surgeons extracted thirty shot and slugs from the Emperor's body. He was in great pain, but did not lose consciousness at any time. After the wounds had been dressed the Emperor was ordered to be kept very quiet.

Meanwhile a terrible scene was taking place in Unter den Linden. Immediately after the shots were fired a great crowd gathered before the house No. 18, and a desperate assault upon the building took place. The people followed the police into the house and up stairs.

The man had barricaded the door of his room, and when it was beaten down he defended himself with a revolver, badly wounding the proprietor of the house, and then, seeing that resistance was useless, he attempted suicide by placing the pistol to his head.

The ball inflicted a painful, but not mortal scalp wound.

The name of the assassin is Earl Edouard Nobeling, aged 32 years, a resident of Berlin and acting as editor of a radical socialist journal. He is a native of Kolno, near Bernbaum. He used a double-barreled gun in firing at the Emperor.

The Emperor Wilhelm was resting quietly at last accounts.

(Communicated.)

I have not the time, nor have I the inclination, to write two and one-half columns to answer one simple question, and will grant your request of leaving "the embellishment away."

The revenue of the Trappe postoffice from 1880 to 1870 I know nothing about, nor does it concern me. The revenue of the office at present and in the future is the object of my solicitude, and I have been encouraged in my efforts in this direction by the reformation of renegades who have been faithless and recreant to the honor and glory of the Trappe postoffice, and, Judas like, betray their postmaster with their life for three cents. For eight hundred and seventy-eight years it has been taught that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Yet nearly fifty persons, members of the Trappe family, bow obedience to a strange master, and buy their stamps, as peace offerings, for convenience and accommodation furnished, and this was brought about by the refusal of John Royer to send mail to the lower part of the Trappe years before I carried the mail, and will most likely remain so, unless the postoffice is removed. As to the diminution of revenue at the Trappe postoffice, J. K. Beaver will testify that there has been no retrograde since he has been postmaster. Your statement that the people of the Trappe care nothing about an evening mail is as false as your statement that offices "west" of you were "dissatisfied" and "inconvenienced." The people of the Trappe need an evening mail out, and it would be very convenient and much to be desired to have a morning mail out, and if the Department will grant it, I shall be most happy to carry it; providing, it does not alter the present schedule of time. In the meantime do not be too grateful to Isaiah Rhoades, for, like Isaiah of old, I prophecy "That it will not come to pass until there is a prospect of compensation to the MAIL CARRIER."

(Communicated.)

FRIEND MOSER.—I notice you have been giving the "Barwell's" free notices lately, and inasmuch as I have been traveling with the party, I desire you to state I never had anything to do with the finances or the business management. Findley made all engagements, and all I had to do was help fulfill them. I make this statement so that the people hereabout will not regard me as a rascal. F. O. JOHNSON.

I. P. Thomas'

RAW BONE

Super Phosphate,

AND HIS

CENTENNIAL

PHOSPHATE,

The VERY BEST FERTILIZERS

Recommended by Farmers Everywhere.

Give it a Trial

And be Convinced of its Merits. For Sale by

John H. Casselberry,

EVANSBURG, Montg. Co., Pa.

## TAKE NOTICE!

Please do not buy your clothing elsewhere before you look through my stock. I manufacture all my own clothing and will take pleasure in showing my goods. I have the best fitting. I have the best made and the largest assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing for Men AND Boys

n town at Astonishingly

Low Prices.

I Guarantee Satisfaction, Goods never Misrepresented, and Exchanged or else the Money Refunded. A most Excellent Variety of all grades at PIECE GOODS on hand and Made to Order in the Latest Style of short notice. A perfect fit guaranteed. Also a full line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS always on hand.

HERMAN WETZEL

may4-6m 66 MAIN STREET (Opposite Music Hall), NORP

## NEW STORE.

I HAVE OPENED WITH A FRESH STOCK OF MEN'S

Boots and Shoes,

AND LADIE'S WORK,

Which I Will Sell Cheap.

S. OBERHOLTZER,

No. 6 MAIN STREET, One Door above Swede St., NORRISTOWN, Pa.

## LEATHER.

For the purpose of REDUCING MY STOCK! I will sell, for the next 30 days, Finished Harness Leather, at THIRTY CENTS, cash, and other leather accordingly at the Evansburg Tannery. D. M. CASSELBERRY

! READ THIS !

Great Reduction in Prices!

Bottom Prices

And invite your attention to the following:

DRESS GOODS!

8, 10, 12, 15, 20 and 25 cents per yard

Large assortment of

Calicoes,

At 6 1/2 cents per yard.

! MUSLINS !

Bleached Muslin, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 1/2 cents per yd. Appleton A. muslin at 7 1/2 cents per yd.

A large assortment of

SHIRTINGS,

9, 10, and 12 1/2 cents per yard.

Splendid assortment of

! HAMBURG EDGINGS !

LADIES' CORSETS,

35 cents and upward.

! SHOES !

Ladies buttoned shoes, \$1.50 Ladies Lasting Shoes, \$1.80.

Try our 50 cent MOLASSES, also our 50 cent TEA—excellent quality.

Home-Made Carpet!

45 cents per yard.

INGRAIN CARPET,

45 cents per yard.

Ready-Made Clothing,

AND

Cucumber Pumps,

Cement, Calcined Plaster, &c.

And all other goods at proportionately low prices.

G. W. GILBERT.

TRAPPE, PA.

## New FEED STORE

—AT—

Yerkes' Station, Perk. R. R.

MONTG. CO., PA.

The undersigned having made extensive preparations is now prepared to sell first grade

FLOUR!

AND ALL KINDS OF

MILL FEED,

At Low Prices. Feeling assured that he will give Satisfaction, he cordially invites patronage.

J. H. Landes,

! STOCK YARD !

AT YERKES' STATION.

! Fresh Cows !

CALVES AND SPRINGERS,

ALWAYS ON HAND AND FOR SALE.

By keeping good stock and dealing fairly I hope to merit the patronage of the so in need of good cows.

J. G. FETTEROLF.

New York Weekly Herald.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper has more than tripled during the past year. It contains all the leading news contained in the DAILY HERALD, and is arranged in handy departments. THE FOREIGN NEWS

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe, together with unbiased, faithful and graphic pictures of the War in Europe. Under the head of

AMERICAN NEWS are given the Telegraphic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

THE WEEKLY HERALD the most valuable newspaper in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

POLITICAL NEWS embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

THE FARM DEPARTMENT of the WEEKLY HERALD gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle, Poultry, grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well edited department, wholly copied, under the head of

THE HOME, giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the Weekly Herald will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets. Crops, Merchandise, &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices at conditions of THE PRODUCE MARKET.

While all the news from the last five to the Discovery of Stanley are to be found in the Weekly Herald, due attention is given to

SPORTING NEWS at home and abroad, together with a story every week, a sermon by some eminent divine, Literary, Musical, Dramatic, Personal and Sea Notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the Weekly Herald, which is sent postage free, for One Dollar. You may subscribe at any time.

THE NEW YORK HERALD is a weekly form.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Papers publishing this prospectus without being authorized will not be necessary to receive an exchange. Address, NEW YORK, HERALD, Broadway and Ann St., New York.







## Miscellany.

Changeable silks are among the summer fabrics.

Fans bearing biblical quotations are a novelty.

A London doctor has found 38 different causes for head-ache and only 2 for ear-ache.

Measurements of a million and a half of American white men gave 5 feet 7 1/2 inches as the average height.

Eight thousand and sixty-four languages are spoken in the world—587 in Europe, 896 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America.

A tax of ten per cent. is levied in Paris upon all tickets taken at theatres, public balls, music halls, or any other place of amusement, for the benefit of the poor.

Virginia once had a native African for Governor. Alexander Spotswood, who filled the chair in 1760, was born in Tangier, while his father, a British officer was there on duty.

In Russia a husband may appear as a witness in a law-suit against his wife, but a wife is not heard against her husband, neither has she any redress against him if he deserts her.

A man in Brazil has confessed a murder committed as long ago as 1852. But justice has not been asleep all this time; four innocent persons were hanged for it in 1856.

A Clyde (Ohio) woman, who had apparently been nearing death from consumption, coughed up from her lungs a piece of yarn, fifteen inches long, and now she is likely to get well.

Birds killed on the western prairies and packed with paper in barrels; without freezing or any other artificial process of preservation, are sent to England by every steamer, and arrive in excellent condition.

Sixty thousand commercial travelers are employed by the wholesale merchants of the United States at an average annual expense of \$3,000, at least making the aggregate the enormous sum of \$180,000,000.

At Battle Creek, Mich., a crazy woman endeavored to make a little colored girl white by using a scrubbing brush and strong lye on the child's naked body. The neighbors rescued it only after it had been literally skinned and was in terrible agony.

A Monroe, Iowa, Justice of the Peace has ruled that a father has no right to occupy his parlor while the daughter and her beaux have possession. A young man 'bounced' a gentleman from his room and was locked up for assault, but at trial acquitted.

Four thousand prisoners have been tried before Mr. William Hardman, Recorder at Kingston, England, during the last twelve years, and not one of the Recorder's decisions has ever been reversed.

A little girl living in Hollidaysburg told her brother to watch how the sparks would fly when she poured the contents of a powder flask on the stove. The sparks flew and so did everything else in the vicinity, including one of the girls' thumbs and the hair on the boy's head.

A Japan correspondence says that he saw wrought in inlaid wood on a door several hundred years old in the temple of Ignoto, a scene showing first a monkey, then an ape, then a gorilla, and so on up by gradual development until the final one of the series was a perfect man, surrounded by elephants and curious birds.

## F. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

F. F. Kunkel's celebrated Bitter Wine of Iron will effectually cure liver complaint, jaundice, dyspepsia, chronic or nervous debility, chronic diarrhoea, disease of the kidneys, all diseases arising from a disordered liver, stomach or intestines, such as constipation, flatulence, inward piles, fullness of blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sore eructation, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dullness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, head, chest, limbs, etc., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the face, constant imaginings of evil and great depression of spirits. Price \$1 per bottle. Beware of counterfeits. Do not let your druggist palm off some other preparation of iron he may say it is as good, but ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. Take no other. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is not sold in bulk, only in 1 dollar bottles. F. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, No. 259 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

## TAPE WORM REMOVED ALIVE.

Head and all complete in two hours. No fee till head passes. Sent, Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. Kunkel, 259 North 13th street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circulars. For removing Seat, Pin or Stomach Worms call on your druggist and ask for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup, price \$1. It never fails. Common sense teaches it. Tape Worms removed, all other worms can be readily removed.

## E. F. KUNKEL'S LUSTRAL & E. F. KUNKEL'S SHAMPOO FOR THE HAIR.

The best and cheapest hair dressing and hair cleaner in the world. They remove dandruff, allay irritation soothe and cool the heated scalp, prevent the hair from falling off, and promote the growth in a very short time. They preserve and beautify the hair, and render it soft and glossy. They impart a brilliancy and silky appearance to blond and wavy hair, and a hair dressing, they are unrivaled; eradicate dandruff and prevent baldness. The shampoo cleans the hair, removes grease, scruff itching, eruption. Cures head ache produced by heat and fatigue. Kunkel's Shampoo and Lustral restore hair to a natural and glossy color, restore faded, dry, harsh and wiry hair. Price per bottle \$1. Ask your druggist for them, or send to E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, No. 259 North 13th St., Phila. Pa. aug23-'77 14m.

## Collegeville Mills, (KNOWN AS WORRAL'S)

The undersigned having repaired the mill with new machinery, he is prepared to do all kinds of GRINDING in the best manner.

## Choice FAMILY FLOUR, A Specialty.

! MILL FEED ! Of all kinds sold at Lowest Cash Prices. Eo kindly invites patronage.

ap25-4t. C. Ambler.

## CHOICE Family Flour,

CHOP CORN, CHOP COB CORN,

WHEAT BRAN,

RYE BRAN,

CORN, OATS,

CAKE MEAL, &c., &c.,

Always on hand and for Sale, Grain Mixed in any proportion and Ground to Order. Flour and Feed delivered by Car or Wagon when desired.

F. W. Wetherill & Co., ARCOLA MILLS, Collegeville, Pa.

## A Montgomery County Bok.

PROSPECTUS. The undersigned will write, compile and publish, towards the close of the present year, a book of about 500 octavo pages, under the following title:

LIVES OF THE EMINENT DEACONS OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY,

and BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES of early one hundred prominent (living) soldiers, civilians, law, lawyers, physicians, scientists and business men, natives and of residents of the county.

The intention is to get out an accurate, reliable and convenient hand book of biography, suitable for the library, centennial, or school.

The "Lives" of the dead, covering biographies of at least a hundred persons, will be prepared with care, so as to have them reliable and as full as limited space will permit.

"Notices" of the living will be confined to age, birth-place, education, internecine, public employment, business, and such incidents as the subjects themselves would not object to with a careful avoidance of comment so liable to be misunderstood or perverted by the reader. The "Life" or "Notice" of a prominent man, in most instances, will have a brief mention of the collateral branches of his family thus constituting a valuable household record in such cases.

The occupation, place of business or residence of each subscriber for the book, will also be printed alphabetically, and how as an appendix, thus becoming a valuable business card to the public, and making a permanent record of said subscriber and his business for reference by the present or future generations. The volume will be bound in cloth or leather and delivered to subscribers some time late in the present year at \$3 and \$3.50.

Norristown, March, 1878. M. AUC.

The author or his agents will wait on clients of the county with a bound prospectus and subscription list, exhibiting specimen biographies, size of page, style of binding, etc., during the spring and summer.

As this enterprise appeals to "Old Montgomery spirit," it is hoped the people will respond generously.

JAMES H. HAMER, M. D., Homeopathic Physician & Surgeon.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., A. sep27-3m.

FREELAND G. HOBSON, Surveyor and Conveyancer.

FREELAND, PA. jan8-3m.

Drs. Royer & Ashenfelter PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, TRAPPE, PA.

7 to 9 A. M. 1 to 2 P. M. 6 to 8 P. M. OFFICE HOURS. mar4-tf.

THEODORE W. BEAN, Attorney at Law.

OFFICE: Swede Street, Between Airy & Marshall Streets Norristown, Pa. July

## Cheap for Cash,

A Full Supply of

## BUILDING LUMBER

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Anthracite and Bituminous

## COAL, COAL,

By the Car Load, direct from the Mines, or by the ton, from the yard, Chestnut

Cedar and Hemlock Rails.

Chestnut and White Oak Sawed and Split

POSTS, POSTS.

Also Bean's "Patent"

AIR GROOVED RAILS FOR PALE

FENCE.

GRISTOCK & VANDERSLICE, COLLEGEVILLE, MONT. CO., PA. Perkinson R.R.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Great Trunk Line

AND

United States Mail Route.

The attention of the traveling public is respectfully invited to some of the merits of the great highway, in the confident assertion and belief that no other line can offer equal inducements as a route of through travel.

CONSTRUCTION AND EQUIPMENT

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

stands confessedly at the head of American railways. The track is double the entire length of the line, of steel rails laid on heavy oak ties, which are embedded in a foundation of rock ballast eighteen inches in depth. All bridges are of iron or stone, and built upon the most approved plans. Its passenger cars, while eminently safe and substantial, are at the same time models of comfort and elegance.

THE SAFETY APPLIANCES

In use on this line well illustrate the far-seeing and liberal policy of its management, in accordance with which the utility only of an improvement and not its cost has been the question of consideration. Among many may be noticed

THE BLOCK SYSTEM SAFETY SIGNALS JANNEY COUPLER BUFFER and PLAT-FORM.

THE WHARTON PATENT SWITCH, AND THE WESTINGHOUSE AIR BRAKE,

forming in conjunction with a perfect double track and road-bed a combination of safe guards against accidents which have rendered them practically impossible.

Pullman Palace Cars

Are run on all Express Trains From New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

To Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, and St. Louis.

WITHOUT CHANGE,

and to all principal points in the far West and South with but one change of cars. Connections are made in Union Depots, and are assured to all important points.

The Scenery of The PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE

is admitted to be unsurpassed in the world for grandeur, beauty, and variety. Superior resort facilities are provided. Employees are courteous and attentive, and it is an inevitable result that a trip by the Pennsylvania Railroad must form

A PLEASING AND MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE.

Tickets for sale at the lowest rates at the Ticket Offices of the Company in all important cities and towns.

FRANK THOMSON, L. P. FARMER, General Manager. General Passenger Agent J. K. SHOEMAKER, Pass. Agt. Middle Dist. 12 North Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

H. W. KRATZ, Justice of the Peace,

Surveyor, Conveyancer, Real Estate, and Insurance Agent.

Represents good Fire, Storm and Life Insurance Companies.

OFFICE DAYS—Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday Oct7-tf

NOW is the TIME To Have Your Photograph Taken

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